

Abdullah Saajoh Sall Self-intro

I moved to America legally on a Diversity Immigrant visa for resettlement. As an immigrant to America like millions of others before me, I was looking for a community to belong and a place to call home. I found Vermont and I found Burlington. I immediately fell in love with the greenish landscape, Mountains, rivers, rolling hills, valleys, lakes, streams, and plateau. I fell in love with the beautiful summer sunset, cold January, snowy February, hot July, and windy October. I fell in love with the season: winter, spring, summer, and the fall foliage. I fell in love with the character of the state: small towns, farmlands; grazing cows, sheep, horses, and goats. I fell in love with America and got married to Vermont. I became a patriot overnight and I wanted to serve. I was willing to do anything to be part of the whole. I set my mind on Vermont as a place to settle and call it my American home state. I was hopeful and excited and pray to God to help me succeed.

I prayed to God for everything that a human being who believes in a life of dignity and honor desires. I started as a Winooski's Community Center Boys and Girls Club Fridays and Saturdays volunteer supervisor. I worked as a volunteer at the Winnoski's Community Center serving evening meals to Kids whose parents are at work and have no dinner meal. I worked with Kate, who was running the operation, Ben, and the sisters from the Catholic Convent Church. They were missionaries traveling all around sub-Saharan Africa spreading their Catholic faith. I had a wonderful time chatting with the sisters. They are familiar with my tribal people across the plains of West Africa.

I volunteered as a soccer coach for the Winooski's YMCA and I went on to become the local Television station (Channel 17) studio Cameraman for Live TV production. I joined AmeriCorps We All Belong Program to serve as Local Motion Cultural Liaison. I ended my service with the YMCA Early Learning Program. I was interviewed at two different locations: at Local Motion and the Fletcher Free Library both after the interview expressed interest in having over as part of

their team. At Local Motion, it was Charlene Wallace and Jane Dunbar and at the Fletcher Free Library, I had Rebecca and Barbara. They all appeared to admire my intelligence. I had to decide where to go. I regrettably chose Local Motion.

As a member of the Islamic Community of Vermont, I volunteered to cook and serve food to the homeless at the Chittenden Emergency Food Shelf. The only people I heard good words from in Chittenden County regarding “the Muslims,” were the homeless people. They say the Muslims are kind, caring, and generous people who believe in God. You can tell the sincerity in their words and mannerism. When Rabbi Joshua Chasan was looking for support to bring people of different faith together to start an annual interfaith Service that coincide with his Passover Seder services, he was pointed in my direction. He was the earlier people to have whispered in my ear and encouraged me to run for City government. He went to my house at 7 am to pick me and drove us to his eldest son’s house and asked us to be brothers and form a political party. I was an interfaith guest speaker at the Ohavi Zedek Synagogue representing the Islamic Community until he retired. I was invited by Patrick Sheehan to serve as Chittenden County Court Diversion review board member which I did serve for many years until I was ostracized. I caught the attention of Eric Miller, the United States District Attorney. He invited me over to his office and he asked me to partner with the US Department of Justice Community Outreach person to help in the community. I took the opportunity to share with him what I deal with within the community as a black man, a Muslim man, and an African immigrant.

He told me he was aware of what is going on and he was saddened by it. He added, he had considered bringing Federal Police into Vermont to take over policing and training, but he has not been able to fulfill that. I understood his constraints as

a Democrat himself, he does not want to make his community look bad. It could have been a dream come true for me to have Federal Police taking over Vermont. Moreover, I was called upon to serve as a United Way Community Impact Team Board member in which I reviewed funding applications for nonprofits such as the Boys and Girls Club, Howard Center, YMCA, Lund Center, and so on, for Chittenden County, Grand Isle County, and Franklin County.

On March 3, 2017, I rose to the occasion to fulfill my dream and the dreams of many others to run for City Council. Despite, what I have been dealing with I was ready to use the platform of the City Councilors to raise awareness and fight against racism in Chittenden County and Vermont. Since then, many blacks, immigrant-citizens, and Muslims have participated in local politics running for city council, mayor, and state representative positions.

Back to my story, I arrived through JFK airport's port of entry. When I got to New York I was still surrounded by my own tribal people. I wanted to secede from the tribal customs I grew under, partly because my Western Education has made me an outsider among my own people. Among my own tribal community, I got mocked for being Western Educated, but the irony is when they needed a translation of a letter in the mail they will happily ask me for help. I was looking for a way out, but at the time I have no idea how. I was young and ambitious, even my dad was afraid for me to embark on an overseas journey alone, but there was no way to stop me after hearing about all the glories of the New World. The encounter of the teachings of Western philosophers such as Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and thinkers of other kind set me apart from my own siblings, kinsmen, and tribesmen. Even though, we are from the same loin of flesh and blood we could not relate in thoughts and behaviors. I was divinely bless with a level of consciousness as a child that was unparalleled to many of the people I found myself around. Racism stifled my mind, harm

my intellectual growth and economic success. I was train or prepared for it. It came to me as a knock-out punch.

However, this made the journey to America that of excitement and hope. In our tribal settings those of us with little Western Education or exposure to Western Culture we are looked down upon as the lesser members of the tribe. We are seen as threats to the values, traditions, and cultures of our ethnic nation. They see us as people that bring and impose foreign ideas to our own culture.

Moreover, among members of our shared faith or religion, we are scoffed upon as the corrupted soul who is less faithful. Some even consider us as ungodly. Everywhere, I have traveled in this nation and join the community of faithful it has been an experience for me. At times, I have been treated like a newcomer to the faith. Everyone seemed eager to find an error in my religious ritual. I had people observed me from the way I do ablution to the way I stand in prayers just to look for an error. I had to move quickly to show them I have more religious knowledge than they assumed. When I arrived in Vermont I heard many stories about Black people as a race that I am not familiar with, such as crimes are associated with Black people. The Black people in Africa I know are Godly men and women, who nurtured their offspring into faith and guide them through a moral and virtuous life. In West Africa or Africa in general, parents are fearful of their children who are exposed to Western Culture, Western Education, and thinking. The Nigerian militant group Boko Haram (which means Western Education is an abomination) embodies that feeling. They fear their children will be associated with crimes, immorality, sinfulness, vices, or become atheists. It is from this angle as I said, some of my own tribesmen or kinsmen mocked me. When I left New York State and moved to Vermont, in the midst of all communities, I became a stranger: to the Somalis, Nepalese, Bhutanese, Sudanese, Egyptian, Indians, Abenakis, Sri Lankan or Arabs communities. Above all, I am a stranger among the White European ethnic groups. This social rejection has affected my mental and emotional wellbeing and it has impacted my work, education, and social skills over the years. I was determined to make Vermont a permanent home.

As a child or teen, I was considered a child scholar. I made high grades, and I was devoted to my studies. I studied outside of the curriculum as well and at school, during recess, if you wanted to find me go inside the library you will find me there alone reading in a corner. All my schoolmates and classmates knew this. They used to say jokingly the way you read too much you might end up going crazy. I remember a Nigerian guy from the Ibo tribe. He was one of those who greatly admire my intelligence like so many others like the Indians who encouraged me to move to America to further my education when he heard I was leaving to come to America he was very upset. He told my dad and me, that Americans are smart they always take away our smart people. I did not understand what he meant at the time, but when I got to college I learned about the effect of brain drain in society in my Economics class I connected the story, but at the time he said it, I was not happy because I thought he wanted me not come to America.

I wanted to use knowledge to improve my life and the lives of those around me. I had high hopes and great dreams, but the incident at the State Attorney's Office, YMCA, CEDO, Local Motion, and many other racist experiences in Chittenden County and Vermont as a State shattered that. I was intimidated, vilified, harassed, bullied, trolled, smeared, yelled at, and eventually shunned. The faults finding, or the amplification of mistakes to prove racial subordination, religious backwardness, and ethnic inferiority left me with an indelible mark or scars. They had hoped one of two things will happen: I will either go on a mass shooting spree to fulfill their demented prophecy or commit suicide, but none happened. I am still here writing and breathing oxygen and standing up to the gross injustices committed against the conscience of mankind. Moreover, I remain determined than ever before to fight with the pen and paper; never with the barrel of a gun.

On these accounts, I want the United States Court as the final arbiter to intervene to teach them about racial tolerance, religious tolerance, ethnic tolerance and make them pay for the injustices that have committed against me. I have enough evidence against the community of the state. They have gotten away for so long crimes against the conscience of men and crimes against humanity.

I am seeking redress and restitution from the United States Court for Crimes of racial discrimination, religious discrimination and persecution, discrimination based on national origin, and ethnic persecution, defamation of character, racial profiling, Election Sabotage or Electoral meddling, attempted entrapment, tampering of insurance benefits, aversive hostilities and excessive retaliation. I am filing this lawsuit against the Chittenden State Attorney's Office and Chittenden County Sheriff, City of Burlington and Chittenden County, Local Motion, Chittenden County Police Departments, and Vermont State Police, Greater Burlington YMCA, State of Vermont, and Seven Days Inc. I am seeking a prayer of relief of 300 million dollars in restitution. This amount of prayer of relief meets the criteria of infrequent amount \$, deterrence \$, and punishment \$. This prayer of relief will help adjust all the injustices I was made to endure. They had hope I commit a suicide. I came close many times, but I realized it will make those who racially torment me to live comfortably. Also, it will make them brave to find another victim to torment. They will get away with the crimes they have committed over the years against me.

Besides, this will allow me to return to Vermont to fulfill my resettlement objectives and spend the rest of my life championing the causes of racial justice. It will enable me to create an organization to tackle racism in all forms. I have experienced racism, not through a story written in a book, but I have felt the pains of racism through my blood, flesh, and veins. I was naive to think you can reason with any human being. I know for sure now racists are not people to reason with. They lack basic human decency like empathy, compassion, and tolerance. I have tried for them to see me for who I am but the only thing they wanted was a dead Abdullah. What I have been put through is sufficient knowledge or asset for the state government to make use of, for the benefit of racial harmony, co-existence, or race relation. Please give me a day in Court with these people. This is the only wish I have in life. They are wicked and merciless people. I want to make mistakes in court telling the truth about their crimes. I pleaded with them to stop and see me for who I am and they refused. Heaven is watching over earth. Please, please, and please. I am alive today because God says I am scheduled to be alive, but only God knows everything they had aimed at me. If you are reading this, remember you do not know me and I do

not know you, but we share a divine concept of fellow-feeling and have a common humanity. God bless you and thank you.

Chittenden County Towns

- Burlington
- South Burlington
- Shelburne
- Winooski
- Colchester
- Essex
- Charlotte
- Hinesburg
- Williston
- Milton
- Richmond
- Jericho
- Huntington
- Westford
- Jericho
- Underhill
- Saint George
- Bolton

Chittenden County Police Departments

- Burlington Police Department
- Winooski Police Department
- Colchester Police Department

- Milton Police Department
- Essex Police Department
- Shelburne Police Department
- Hinesburg Police Department
- South Burlington Police Department
- Richmond Police Department
- Williston Police Department
- University of Vermont Police Department

City of Burlington and Chittenden County

The City Burlington and Chittenden as a whole, is a racist safe heaven city with a culture and tradition of subtle racism as the underbelly of the community. Burlington and Chittenden County as a whole is permeated with a culture of race generalization, religious generalization, and ethnic generalization. If you are in any social groupings of any kind at restaurants, bars, gymnasium, street corners, schools, public transportation, and even casual encounters, echos of these stereotypes is expressed commonly. Islamic stereotype stand out the most, it is re-enforced often by the negative news it gets. I lived to pay the price of it. Just to give you a rundown of the city citizenry, they are made up of fanatics of communists, socialists, progressives, lesbians, gays, atheists, anarchists, fiscal conservatives, radical and misandrist feminists; a minority of classical and modern liberals. When the public eyes are not watching them, they are very hateful people. There are many black professional who get offered jobs in Vermont from other states. Some can only stay for couple of months and leave and some maximum a year. I was fortunate to talk to some. They asked me how do you managed to live here for more than a year. I told them if we keep running away from them nothing will change here. These are people born, raised, and educated here.

Collectively, they have made the City of Burlington and Chittenden into a hate-mongering city that spread false ethnic stereotype, religious stereotypes, racial stereotype, and promote Muslimisia, Xenomisia, and Afromisia. Without checks on them they have managed to turn Chittenden County into an enclave of intolerance, socially toxic, racially demeaning, fertile ground for bullies, and a hostile environment. Over the years, they circulated my name as a sexist, misogynist, and pedophile using my race, religion, and national origin as a qualifying factor. As for the feminists, by simply expressing disagreement with them they will used their victimhood status to falsely accused you of serious crimes including and not limited to sexual harassment, sexual assaults, and so on. They are given a free pass by the city and state to do whatever please them with impunity. These were

my experiences as an AmeriCorps, as a YMCA employee, and as an employee of the State Attorney's Office and Chittenden County Sheriff.

In the liberal White Vermont world, everyone seems eager to find errors in my behavior to use my religious beliefs, racial background, and ethnic origin to give an explanation for whatever perception they have. They do not care if what I said or did was a programmed behavior I have downloaded over the years from living here and simply repeated it. They stand ready to find fault in everything I do. I was raised a tolerant man, my entire primary and secondary schooling was in Pentecostal and United Methodist Schools. I had Hindu Indian friends growing up. As for the feminists, lesbians, gays, communists, socialists, all my words, actions, or behaviors have the connotation or denotation of a backward religious beliefs, regressive race, and primitive culture. There are many times, members of the community asked me how can I be so smart and believe in something I cannot see?

My reply to them, is that the belief in God, does not require a suspension in your critical thinking, logic, or reason and if anything, it requires the application of reason.

Furthermore, I was an AmeriCorps Volunteer and we have weekly gatherings at Burlington City Hall Community Economic Development Office. It was on sun shower day, we were scheduled to meet at City Hall with Beth Truzansky, Director of the "We All Belong AmeriCorps Program." At this meeting it seemed like Beth was eager to express something to me. I was quiet and everyone was talking and 20 minutes into our meeting she throws in a question and that required going around the circle for everyone to have a say. The first two persons answered and she jumps over to me with the question. I was in opposite direction from the first two who just give their answers. I did not finish my second sentence. She called my name Abdullah and said come with me outside. I followed her and we went outside City Hall's stairs we both were holding the stairs railings and facing each other. She angrily

and verbally abused me, she said I know you came from Africa where women are not allowed to talk but here if you see women you sit and keep quiet. We are in America, women have more rights over men here. She said your mom keep quiet and your dad do all the talking right, I said no! My mom speaks her mind with my dad. I said sometimes the men keep quiet the women talk. I cannot recalled all she said but this one left a scar in my heart. She was one of many that told me I will never make it in Vermont. One of my fellow AmeriCorps team members by the name of Lillian was moving out of her mom's house into her own rented apartment. She asked me to go over to help her move out her belongings. I agreed without asking her for a penny. In African traditions that's what we do to extend our kind heart to others. She sets up a date and asked if I had any other obligation and I said no. It was in the middle of winter and we had lots of snow on the ground. I went over and helped her. After getting all her belongings from her mom's basement into her apartment free of charge, she said I owe you and when I settle down in my apartment I will invite you for dinner. I agreed to a dinner. I believe two weeks after, she invited me over I ate the dinner she made. She was not impressed with her own cooking and said to me in America, the men cook. I said to her I cook my own food. More to this, after the meal she asked me what's my future plans. I cannot remember what I said to her my plans was, but she recommended I take a job with the Foreign Service at the State Department. In my mind that sounds impossible with my name Abdullah and everything I was dealing with locally for being an African immigrant, a Muslim man, and a black man. It is beyond my reached. Eventually, I said to her I would love to work for the Department of Foreign Service, but I do not know if they will hire me.

She then pulled out a picture from the internet and said look at what African men do to women. It was a young girl probably, age 7 with five men, two holding her legs and two holding her arms and one circumcising her with blood splashed all over their faces. She began to ask me all the stories about FGM. I told her I do not know if African men have the guts to do that. I said community that practice circumcision it is the women that do that and not the men. The men do men circumcision. She said no that's not true, men do that to women. She said there are Human Rights Organizations that confirmed and news articles published to support that. She

then asked me if I have helped in the circumcision of my mother, sisters, or other female relative. I felt insulted by it and I was angry. I told her I came from a culture insulting someone's mother, sisters, and female relative is crossing the red line. We honor and respect them if they are angry and we are angry we never talk back to them. I was angry, and when she realized that I was seriously offended. She said she will call the cops and accused me of sexually assaulting her. I was angry, but I realized yes, what she just said even though is false the police would arrest me and believe whatever she told them. I decided to walk out of her apartment in anger. I had to bite my tongue the whole time I was around her for fear the cops should not be called. It was snowy February and I got home and cried.

The next day I called my friend Ian Hartman, who did Peace Corps with my tribe and fell in love them. I was crying I told him the story and asked him if the six years he spent among my people if he has seen men doing that. He said sorry there are so many ignorant people. He said if anything like that is happening there, the grandma do it. He invited me for dinner and comforted me.

Local Motion is one of Vermont biggest nonprofit organization that promotes biking and walking. They have a state wide membership and Charlene was the Human Resources and Operation Director. She should be now in her sixties or near that. She managed to spread lot of hate against me in the community through employees and members of Local Motion with people and staffs that came into contact with them.

Charlene Wallace, is a bigot and misandrist who passionately and obsessively hate Muslim men, Africans or black men. Like all the other feminists, she told me black men subjugate women. She told me here in America, African-American do not treat women right. She referenced music videos and movies. There are so many things said about me in the Community I had traced it back to her, people that came into contact with her, and with the people that came in contact with the people she came in contact with. Charlene Wallace was one of those people in Burlington who will do anything to stop me from the enjoyment of life. Over the years, she was one of those people who if they see me laughing or joking with any female friend or they discovered a friendship they will undermine that

relationship by their fabricated interpretation of Islamic beliefs and African male perception of women's theory. This is the degree of insanity that was the underbelly of the communal racism. This is why I want them to know there is huge price to pay for these kinds of racists' cruelty. Take for instance, Right and Democracy is a political action group that work to elect politicians across New Hampshire and Vermont. They bring volunteers together, put up yard signs, distribute flyers, and mobilized supporters.

I was an active member of Right and Democracy. I was the black face in their midst. I traveled with them across the state of Vermont, but when Brittany Nevins was appointed as a board member. She realized I work with them she managed to poison the minds of Right and Democracy female staffs e.g. Elise and female volunteers like Ashley Hill. She was a lifeguard at the YMCA. I remember talking to her and she told me I know who you are Abdullah. I heard a lot about you. You do not like women, gays, lesbians, and so on. I was shocked wondering who told her but I know she heard the YMCA's rumors. This person tell the next person and that person tell another person. Over a period of a decade I live under these conditions.

MaryCatherine Graziano, she was the Outreach and Training Coordinator for Local Motion. I was assigned with her to do community outreach in and around Chittenden County. She mocked my English skills and tell me I need more schooling. Every day I go out with her to do outreach she has something negative or demeaning to say about me. She told me, she does not think the government should be bringing people who struggle with English here. I told her since my mother and father are not English people, maybe I should marry an English speaker to help me with improving my English skills. She was furious, when I said that. She said, I do not think anyone should marry outside their race. She told me it is a bad idea. I cannot remember all she said to me. They spread rumors in the office to all other staff I struggled with English. I became the subject of the office chit-chatters gossip and mockery. Brian Castello and Chapin Spencer founded Local Motion. Chapin Spencer is currently the Director of Burlington City Public Works. Brian Castello grabbed onto the story and he began to teach me how to say: "this, that, and the other things." Every day he sees me he will asked me to repeat it to

him after him. Charlene Wallace and MaryCatherine Graziano devised a plans for me in addition to my poor English they said I was not organized. So, they told me how to practice writing my to-do-list. Every day they will have me write my to-do-list:

February 18, 2013

Has to be done today:

- Check all e-mails
- Reply to all e-mails
- Check google doc for tasks
- Enter my AmeriCorps time-sheets
- Schedules meeting with Alyson
- Check with Beth with my Y schedule hours
- Contact Hannah about BRV re-stock on Wednesday
- Develop Bike Benefits ideas for Panadero and Nadia International

Furthermore, Charlene Wallace said to me Americans are offended by your Muslims way of life. She said we are sexists, misogynist, and violent people, short for terrorist. She sent me articles about Muslim women of Pakistanis origin expressing how badly they are treated. I told her the difference between religion and tradition. It might be the tradition and not always the religion. I said to her there are over a billion Muslims population and they are from different customs and culture but shared the same Islamic faith. I give her examples of Saudis, Iranians, Africans, and Europeans Muslims culture. I shared former British Prime Minister Tony Blair's wife sister Lauren Booth story journey to Islam and how she found peace and comfort.

It was going well until I got introduced to another AmeriCorps volunteer name Hannah Ohlson. Hannah is a hardcore feminist, a classical Marxist feminist, and radical feminist. Hannah like Charlene Wallace, Beth Truzansky, and many others in the community of Burlington and Chittenden County has a preconceived notion about African men, Muslim men,

and black men. She interpreted every statement I made offensively and with the blessings of Beth, and Charlene Wallace they tormented me. Charlene Wallace, is a hardcore feminist, classical Marxist feminist, lesbian separatist, and radical feminist with a preconceived notion that was suppressed at first when I started working for Local Motion. Beth Truzansky, the Director of “We All Belong Program,” was a lesbian separatist, classical Marxist, and radical feminist. Beth, Charlene, and Hannah, saw my presence in their midst as an opportunity to exact revenge with me on behalf of African women, Muslim women, and women in general. In their mind I came from a patriarchy culture and tradition that oppressed women. When Hannah told me white men are the racist and they hold all jobs and I disagree with her based on my own personal experience. She went on to report me to Charlene Wallace. When I got to work around 7:30 am Charlene Wallace was ready and waiting for me. She came out from her office with pamphlet she asked me to follow her to a private room. I followed her and we sat together at the table and she dashed the booklet in front of me and said read. I grabbed it and it was a feminist manifesto booklet. I read everything and underlined every key word on it. I told her I am sorry you have to fight for these things here but these have been the tradition of my people.

Local Motion and the YMCA when you put their membership together you have a very large population. So, these organization leadership have power and influenced in the community. They used my religion, race, and national origin to define me as misogynist, culturally backward, and intellectually inferior. These organizations through their staffs and the people that came in contact with their staffs and the people that came in contact with the people that came in contact with their staffs have done a great harm to me. Employees and members have managed to spread racist stereotype which led for me to experience racism at restaurants, bars, gymnasium, street corners, schools, public transportation, and even casual encounters.

For instance, I was sick for two weeks from severe cold in a winter season. It snowed for a week straight off and on, and it was a sunny day. You can still see the heap of shoveled snow on the sidewalk and the melting snow water running

everywhere. I was feeling better a bit that day, so I got assigned to work at the Winooski's YMCA. I boarded the Winooski bound bus. One stop up the road the driver pulled over to pick or drop off passengers. A girl who I have known for many years boarded the bus. She used to work at the Rite Aid Pharmacy up on Main Street Winooski. She was very fond of me when she sees at the store. When she saw me she had a big smile on. She immediately rushed to sit next to me and chat. Unbeknown to me someone in the bus know her. It was a lesbian with a masculine personality. When we arrived at her stop in Winooski. She delayed the bus and yelled at me and the girl. She said, "Can't you see, he just wants to get in your pants. He is a Muslim man he's going to subjugate you."

I was embarrassed and confused and everyone onboard was shocked and they held their mouth in shock. I did not know what to say or do. The girl said to me ignore her we grew up together. She is mean. They want the protection of the law but they do not have an ounce of respect for the law and the rule of law that governed a civilized society. Racism is the underbelly of the City of Burlington and Chittenden County.

I can further elaborate in court. Heaven and earth is watching. Please give me the opportunity in court with the City of Burlington. I have been waiting for this in Court with the Community. Feminists and lesbians hate Muslim men with passion and they are triggered by the presence of Muslims among them. Some of them like to show how tough they are towards Muslims. I heard people who I know personally said loudly the Muslims are our enemies. More to this, over the years they have been many attempts to entrap me. They made many fake accounts of Al-Qaeda and ISIS and friend requested me to engage me in fake terror plots. You know these things are real when the Burlington Police Chief is found to have made fake accounts to go after people. Burlington need to be made to pay for their vibrant racist culture and hypocrisy.

Again, when I confided with some community members in hope they will offer me moral support about the hostilities I was facing they were more curious to know if I will go on a shooting spree or they will reply, "Oh, Abdullah, it is worst in the conservative area." Believe me, it was so disappointing.

The silenced stare, dirty looks, curled up lips, and pointing fingers was sickening and it followed me at the City Market Co-opt, at the University of Vermont, Radio Bean, street crossing, and so on. It followed me on street corners, and at the front yard of my apartment. The YMCA, CEDO, and Local Motion were used as an avenue to circulate racial prejudice, religious prejudice, and ethnic stereotype against me in Chittenden County and beyond.

Burlington City Councilors are not exclude in the dirty looks, rolling eyes, or curl lips silenced abused. Even Burlington cops gives me the dirty looks, rolling eyes, and curled up lips. You have no idea what I have been put through. It was difficult to keep up with events. As a result of these incidents I was left with a chronic depression, chronic anxiety, chronic trauma, and chronic sadness.

It affected my ability to further my education and cause a great harm to my overall health. This is the City of Burlington, is Chittenden, and this is Vermont for you. Please, please, and please give me at least a day in Court with them. They wanted me dead, or remove from the land and I was waiting for a day in Court. They are relying on statute of limitation and my inability to articulate my pains in writing to defend myself. Please, please, and please give me a day in court with them. I am ready to make mistake in Court telling the truth.

Chittenden State Attorney's Office and Chittenden Sheriff

Like the previous places I worked before the State attorney's Office in Burlington, or Chittenden County. I was tormented on a daily basis at work beginning when I was offered the job leading to the last day of my termination, by Leona, Megan, and with a nodding by Melissa. Leona started her attacks immediately when it was announced I was offered the job. She began to call me names that were demeaning and offensive. I was shocked because I thought I was in State hands. I should feel safer but I was wrong. She was assigned to train me. In my life experience, I learned racists' co-workers, and supervisors love to amplify my mistakes to show evidence of racial inferiority, religious inferiority, and ethnic inferiority and use that as a justification to racially discriminate against me or dictate my behaviors.

I was hired as a legal assistant to the prosecuting attorneys by the current Vermont Attorney General when he was the Chittenden County State Attorney.

As an employee of the State Attorney's Office and the Chittenden County Sheriff, I processed Warrants, VOPs, Escape (s), Extraditions, Expunged cases, Sealed cases, answered phone calls, distribute court's documents, file court's documents, arranged case files in cabinet, distribute mails, welcome guests, or visitors. I was the Liaison for the Public Defender's Office, and Court Diversion. I give public defenders access to the Police Database (Valcour). I closed the cases for Diversion and the Rapid Intervention Court. Every Police Department in the County drop-off their Department's papers at my desk and I signed for it. In a hostile work environment I took my job seriously.

As the Attorney General was sworn in, the County was only left with deputies. Philip Brian Scott as the new Governor of the state, was vested with the power to appoint the replacement State Attorney for Chittenden County. We had three Candidates: Sarah Fair George, Bram Kranichfeld, and Ted Kenney. Sarah George like many others do not like me because of my race, religion, and national origin. I will refer to the Vermont Human Rights Commission recent revelation. The Governor chose Sarah George as the replacement State Attorney for Chittenden County. Effectively, two days after

she was chosen, Sarah George and Jennifer Bouffard called me into the office and told me I was fired because I have an accents and people do not understand me. I have dealt with this problem my entire adult life in Vermont it is depressing to say the least. I left and found an Attorney to represent me. I was in the middle of a City Council campaign race. A testament to the fact that we are treated with contempt in the state of Vermont. In their eyes, we do not count and we are object to be use and abuse. We treated not as human beings with feelings. As a candidate for City Council firing me send a message to the public and that was not to vote for me which directly meddled and undermined in an electoral process.

Before the news I was fired hit the front page of the local and state newspapers, I decided to take a break from campaigning to see if this can be taking care of before anyone hear about it. I spent the whole day in my apartment and only come out in the evening. I was trying to make sure no one can tell the different if I am working or not. It was a season of hate and anger. President Trump just issued his Muslim travel ban it has made the situation worst for anyone who is a Muslim male, especially anyone like me who live on the margin of society. The president policy endorsed violence against individual member of the Muslim Community. Those of us who live on the margin of society were easy target. However, two days after my firing I was scheduled to attend a protest rally which happen to be the following Saturday, and as a candidate for City Council it was the right thing to do. I showed up at the protest rally, but after the crowd lessen I was approached by a reporter who asked me about the incident at the State Attorney's Office. I was shocked, embarrassed, confused to learn she knows about it. She told me it is the story of the town. She assured me it was fine and she and others were appalled by the incident.

I was hoping it stays rumors until we get this resolves, so it never gets a headline in the paper. The State Attorney's Office went back and forward with my then attorney John Franco and they insisted they have made their decision. In these settings of a very hostile climate against Muslims and immigrant, Sarah George's State Attorney's Office recklessly unleashed a torrent of fabricated stories to confirm racial stereotyped, Muslimisim stereotyped, and Xenomisia stereotyped which placed me in harm's way and give silent approval to the public to commit violence against me. As a result I was exposed to hatred, scorned, contempt, and

ridiculed by so many people even, those I once considered as friends. The State Attorney declared false guilt against me, convinced the public because of my ethnic origin, religious identity, and racial background I was at wrong, and by general consent I was tormented, harassed, intimidated, bully, and humiliated. More so, I was castigated as a representation of the bad Black, Muslim, and Immigrant; in a time when the president of the country just placed a ban on Muslim immigrant traveling to this nation.

Unlike this female reporter, a Seven Days' reporter reached out to me and asked this question: "if you cannot keep a job how can the public trust you with a job?" I was terrified with the question. In a flash, I realized the blame have been placed over my head. I did not know what to do. My survival depends on the good heart of my neighbors, and friends. Someone who is not related to the community by blood, race, marriage, or adoption. I was worried if this goes public how am I going to live in peace, find work, or socialized with anyone.

I spoke to John Franco hoping he can calms things down and let it remain private but he tried to no avail. He was being attacked, intimidated and harassed and told to drop the case. Therefore, every day, I spoke to him he seemed unhappy with handling my case. Eventually, he blocked my number and never replied to my email. The last time I was in his office, this is what he said to me, "You are what we call a deer with no legs, no eyes," and he laughed. I did not get what he said. He looked at me smiling and he said still no deer. I smiled back but deep down I was unhappy. I was trolled and my good name was besmirched to John Franco and others who know me and people who think highly of me. If you ask him he might still show you copy of email communication he received about me. I don't know about his voicemail massages he received, but if you doubt check with him what I'm telling you.

Sarah George, the Chittenden County State Attorney through her best friends' husbands: Aimee Griffing, deputy State Attorney, and Stacy Graczyk, deputy State Attorney and current Vermont Traffic Safety Prosecutor unleashed a torrent of hate and prejudices against me using Stacy Graczyk's husband Ken Picard, Seven Days staff writer.

Aimee Griffing's husband, Faisal Gill was very harmful to my chances to at least winning the City Council race. I was hoping to win the race to use the platform of the City Councilors to fight against racism, Muslimisia, Xenomisia, and Afromisia in the City of Burlington and Chittenden County as a whole. Faisal Gill invited me at his Office simply to tell me to drop out of the City Council race and he promised me if do not I will be humiliated, which eventually happened. He promised me the humiliation will cause me never to run again for any office. At this time, Seven Days have not unleashed their character defamation and racial stereotype, religious prejudice, and ethnic prejudice confirmation bias article.

I told him I rather be humiliated than to drop out at that stage. Faisal Gill went on to coerce Whitney Bush to stop her support for me and my campaign team. Whitney brought tremendous experience to support my campaign. She was TJ Donovan campaign managers. She helped me navigate through all of the legal and political rules before she abandoned my campaign. She explained the steps I needed to take for my name to be on the ballot box. She warned me if Faisal knows about the help it will be the end of her help. Accidentally, from my own mistake arising from my depressive and traumatic state of being he learned about it from me. I was so depressed and traumatized I made mistakes on simple things which in a calm state of mind I would not do. It became the end; she never replied back to me or said anything. Faisal Gill went on to become the Chairman of the Democratic Party. Racism was chewing my flesh and draining my blood and at one point I had a sudden thought if I continued to live under these circumstances I will not have a long life.

The intimidation, harassment, ridicule, contempt, bully, and trolling affected my health terribly. I lost appetite, and I lost sleep. I was in a state of constant grogginess, sadness, tears and my depressive state of mind was raging. I could not get rid of the thoughts that echoes in my brain. Ultimately, I was running out of money to buy food. I applied for unemployment benefits from the State I was outright denied; with zero income and a hostile environment I had to make an involuntary decision and that was to leave the place I come to love and called home. The place I set my mind to settle as a New American and hoping to grow old and die serving the people.

This is one of many crimes I am to share with you more of what happened if you give us a day in your court. The State Attorney embodies the spirit of systemic racism in Vermont

Young Men Christian Association

The YMCA has twenty-thousand visitors every year and five to six-thousand members. I was blame for anything that happened based on my religion, race, and national origin. All the accusation made against me was shrouded in secrecy. I was constantly criticized, scapegoated, ignored, renounced, and abused. Gary Vassar, the HR Director and Mike Cioffi, Membership Director, together used me for their own gain and abused me conveniently. They have a one-sided interpretation of the law. Under their leadership they have allowed me to endured a sustain campaign of racial abuse, religious abuse, and ethnic abuse. They both position themselves as my friends but they were remotely friendly with me. Mike Cioffi was hired to his role because the leadership at the time believed he will watch out for me. When he applied for the position, he personally asked me to be a reference for him which I did. He turned out to be someone who will part take in racial hatred, religious hatred, and ethnic hatred. Mike Cioffi and Graham Gowen created mistakes and amplified it using my racial, religious, and ethnic identity as a qualifying factor. I was constantly made confused, sometimes I am told I hate women because of my race, religion, and ethnic origin. Other times, I am told I am hypersexual; don't know how to control myself around women. Yet, many of them have relationships with members. They break up with one after few months dating and go to the other staff members. I do not know many girlfriends Gary Vassar, the Human Resource Director had from staffs to membership guests. I could not keep track of it all.

Graham Gowen described himself as an atheist and he is a racist at his core. Graham is manipulative, cunning, deceptive, and untruthful. Graham Gowen created a cycle of friends in various YMCA departments to gossip and intimidate me. He and his cycle of friends or his disciples as I prefers to called them tormented me every day I go to work. Kristin Magnant was one of Graham Gowen disciples. She is the wife of Corporal Mark Magnant of the Vermont State Police who is based at the Williston Barracks. She indulged in my racists attacks. She smirked, rolled her eyes, curled her lips, and give

me hateful stares, but when Jan Riordan, Mary Burns, and any senior staff was around she will laugh and says good things about me. She would say, "Abdullah is so nice, friendly, sweet," or whatever she hears the senior leaderships saying about me. That was how many treated me. It was worrisome to say the least. In my head, what is her workplace story she shares with her husband? What does she say about me when they are alone in their homes? Graham Gowen fabricated racial, ethnic, and religious stigma in the workplace that they used on a daily basis to attack me. They accused me of fraternizing with white girls which they find offensive and threatening reason being they see me as a misogynist for being a Muslim male, and sexist for being an African. When Graham is challenged about his behaviors towards me he came up with a genius way to divert the conversation. He blamed me for my poor daxko skills and accused me for lack of clerical skills. Which has nothing to do with the incident. In a flash, the conservation shifts to this black African muslim guy who struggle to fit in and is unable to do basic computer skill or clerical skill. I was upset and disappointed when I heard their conclusion. It plays into the general narratives that blacks are lazy, less intelligent and do not know "personal boundary." They racial tormented, yelled, heckled, hounded, made-up story, and taunted me for years. I pleaded with them to stop and see me for who I was but are wicked people. Graham Gowen as the godfather was obsessed with destroying me. Gary Vassar, the Human Resources Director personify the spirit of systemic racism and incompetence in Human Resource Departments across the state. Mike Cioffi embody the spirit of systemic racism and incompetence in supervisory level. Graham embodies the spirit of racial hatred, religious hatred, and xenomisia that has plague Burlington, Chittenden County, and Vermont.

As part of their racial stereotype, religious stereotype, and ethnic stereotype they concocted the idea I do not separate "personal life from work life," and I do not know "personal boundary." They used these two weapons to demoralized me and subdue me. The employees and members of the YMCA know by my name I am a Muslim, Immigrant, and African. Therefore, that arose lot of fascination or interest in people's mind to talk to me. Some people appreciate who I am and others detest that. Mike Cioffi, Graham Gowen, Julie Ann Held, Caitlyn Stevens, and so on happened to be of the

character to have a deep hatred for someone like me. I get questions from youth, teens, young adults, and seniors about me. "I am curious, where are you from? Oh, you are a Muslim. Tell me about Islam? Show me your place of birth on the map. How many languages do you speak? What tribe are you a member of? I have been asked these questions a thousand times if not more. It is boring for me but out of respect I still try to answer them. Yet, Mike Cioffi and Graham Gowen said my religious identity, racial identity, and ethnic are responsible for fomenting conflict. When I original started working for the YMCA, Jess Lukas, Diane Schwarts, and Graham Gowen were the first to come together to attacked, harassed, and threatened me with contempt. However, Jess Lukas stoped the verbal attacks or abused. Unlike Jess Lukas, Graham Gowen dedicate himself into destroying me. He made sure any employee that get hired only smile with me for two weeks or a month maximum. Graham Gowen, is racist, cunning, manipulative, and deceitful human being. I was tormented based on my race, religion, and national origin and the YMCA managed to concealed the crimes and did nothing about it. When the Human Resource Director and Membership Director are in collusion you never expect remedies. The YMCA function based on the generosity and charitable mindset of the families, and community.

Furthermore, when the prisoners broke out of the Clinton Correctional Facility in Dannemora, New York, a team of FBI officers were deployed in Burlington in search of the escapees. YMCA created special passes for the officers to visit and work out. I welcomed some of the officers and helped them signed in.

In the midst of that someone wrote to the YMCA HR and told them I was shouting Allahu Akbar and saying, "Death to America." They wanted to let the YMCA know about it. The next day at around 11:00 am I was summoned at the HR office to discussed the threat. It was terrifying to say the least! I read the email I could not believe my eyes. I was put in a state of constant worry and fear.

Julie Ann Held, migrated to Vermont from the Minnesota with a deep hatred for African immigrants. She does not conceal her hatred like Vermont subtle racists. She started her attack against me by setting up boundaries for me. She told me the

Somali population rob Minnesota State's fund. She said each Somali has two Social Security Cards that they use to collect benefits. I told her that was illegal and impossible to do. However, she believes it is real, her hate and anger is written all over her face. We were working together again and it was very busy because it was during swim lessons time. There were two kids crying at the same time on both entries to the women and men's lockers.

She turned towards me in an adenoidal voice and said: "I hate kids." I stared away from her, I said, wow! In my mind I could not believe what I heard. I stood quiet for a while. I said in my mine, if you are a person who does not like kids you should not be working at the Y. Further, by this time she has caused so much annoyance to so many Asians and Africans kids at the Winooski's YMCA location and Burlington to the point people used to run after me down the streets and in order to lodged a complaint about their experience at the Y at the hands of this lady, because of my personal relationship with her at work, I avoided anything that would make it looks like Abdullah is encouraging people to come forward with complaints against her.

Julie Ann Held, a woman who tormented me, Somali, and the Asians. Julie Ann Held, a well-documented racist at the YMCA. She was offered a great job with the state of Vermont. She is now Julie Ann Held-Environmental Specialist III at State of Vermont. The State has been rewarding bad actors in the community

Chris Heimer, a member of the YMCA and during the campaign of 2016 he came at night to work out. He told me we all Muslims are terrorists, pedophiles, and misogynists. He was confronted by another YMCA employee who called him disgusting. In the morning the HR contacted me and told me they were informed of the incident and that they terminated his membership at the YMCA and he is no longer allowed at the YMCA. But, I know how bias and dishonest they can be, two weeks after the incident I was looking at his account. I found out Chris came in to work out the next day early in the morning and terminated his membership and the reason he indicated he does not have time to come to the Gym. Mike Cioffi reaction when he heard about the incident was that I brought it up which fomented the conflict.

Prior to this incident, two years earlier, Chris Heimer walk-in to the YMCA with his gym bag and his hands full of online printed article some from the 700 Club with statement from Pat Robertson, other Christian Groups, and mainstream media. He had asked me where I was from, what tribe, and he knows I am a Muslim by my name. He told me to read it. I told him I will, when I find time. He said this is what your tribal people do to Christians in Nigeria and other places. I looked at it , the first page it was Pat Robertson talking about Fulani Cows herdsmen. I was working with a girl named Tory Hill. She was appalled and I did not know what to do. I just thought it was insane.

I was not only attacked by guests, or community members, but also co-workers; take for instance this story with Jon Robbins. He works at a different department but he will leave his office to come down to my department to intimidate, harass, heckle, taunt, and insults me. He repeatedly showed up behind the front desk where I worked and verbally attacked me. Jon said many painful things to me, but I avoided paying attention to him in the presence of members most especially people I have known for many years and I was ashamed for them to see me reacting to him angrily. I felt really threatened when he kept following me behind the desk or any everywhere I go. I asked the HR I wondered why these white people keep coming after me. I never get the answer, but the insinuation it is my

religious, ethnic, and national origin that was causing the conflict.

In addition to the attacks, he falsely accused me of destroying the YMCA washers. When I am talking to members he interrupts or shout down at me.

Amanda who works at the fitness departments I called to inquire about a personal question from a guest she screamed at me and slammed the phone. The shock waves streamed through my body.

I did not know I was supposed to accrue sick pay all these years. Vicky Robertson was the one that explained to me how it works and I have to go behind Mike and speak to Melinda. She looked into it and fix it and call out Mike on it. Mike Cioffi has given people promotion who I trained and helped. He constantly looks down on me. He told the YMCA higher up I have no clerical skills, which is total false.

It takes practical training to fully be able perform the duty of member's services, which I offered most of the employees. I never get paid or thank for it. The higher up or leadership think everyone quickly learn from sitting in front of the computer for 45 minutes and taking a daxko quiz, but in reality I work step by step to help them navigate through daxko and educate them on the Y policies, which daxko could not do for Katie, Morgaine, Oscar, Reiko, Ben, Nicco, Ryan, Eli, Tory, Caitlin, Taya, Tegan, and so forth.

Mike does not know how they adapt to the work environment. Scoring 90's on daxko does not teach anyone the YMCA policies and sometimes, people forget what to

do when they start. They don't know how to open or close the Y. If someone didn't show up at work, he knows who to call early in the morning. Never have I said no to his request. Even Alan Chandler, the night cleaner knows that the first person to call is Abdullah. When they are confused during an emergency. I helped all of them learn the steps on everything, which at that time Mikes is either home, skiin, hiking, biking, or somewhere else.

I was always relegated to a part-time employee. The HR will share job opening or position that I am fully qualified to fill when I write him and I never hear a word from him. At the end, I realized it is something they have to do to avoid any legal ramification.

When the employees of the Winooski's YMCA have struggles in Winooski every night they will call me in Burlington for help. Yet, Mike Cioffi and Gary Vassar full time staffer with benefits cannot fulfill the role he is hire to do.

When a person with a different accent call to inquire about swim lessons, childcare, and membership all of them will call upon me to help deal with them.

They are impatient, annoyed, or irritated with someone with an accent. I do it patiently and respectfully.

They do not have patience to listen to anyone with a different accent. They have a poor view on people with accent. They are constantly taking diversity training which I saw as waste of resources.

Mike Cioffi once told me he does not know why they bring people here with no chances of succeeding because of their poor linguistic skills. He said they are only going to suffer more here. He believes lack of fluent American accent; English skills means lack of intelligence. Get this, he told me his grandfather moved here from Italy when he was in his teens with his older brother with education. He

became a barber and that's how his grandfather made a living. He went on to marry, have kids, and today the Cioffi clan in St. Albans is a large one. Here is when I realized his mind is small. At the YMCA everyone knows Matt Lucia like to joke or pranked people. We both are treated with a double standard. If we were to make jokes with the same lines, his was considered as a joke and funny, but if I repeated the same lines it would be considered offensive. It will prompt HR investigation.

My experience at the YMCA, Local Motion, and other places left me with a deep trauma, chronic fear, chronic anxiety, and chronic depression. I was racially abused every night I worked and falsely accused for everything the next morning. I was sometimes denied time off, I was yelled at and spoking to in a demeaning manner. I needed a job so I endured the abuse, mistreatment, aversive hostilities, and threat of termination. I have more to share in Court. I have been praying for a day in Court with these people. They really torment me day in and day out. They have bank on me dying or statute of limitation. Please, please, and please let have a day in court with them.

State of Vermont

The State Attorney's Office, is a subdivision of the state government and is the chief or primary Law Enforcement agency of the state of Vermont. When the State Attorney's Office speak the public listen. The State Attorney's Office has the power to declare guilt, convince of wrong doing, and impose general consent. The Office represents the judicial mindset of the community and state. It is an institution that reflects the community concepts of justice, community consciences, and position on right and wrong. The State Attorney's Office is vested with the power to distribute or render justice. It enforced acceptable behaviors and discourage unwanted conducts.

Moreover, the state is a reflection of the community. What happened to me in the State Attorney's Office is not a unique or isolated case that needs a bad apple defense theory. It had happened to me at the Young Men Christian Association (YMCA), Community and Economic Development Office (CEDO), Local Motion, and other places. This is a norm in Chittenden County, and it is norm in the state of Vermont. Our mistakes are amplified as a reflection of our racial inferiority, ethnic inferiority, and religious inferiority. They have nothing in place to protect and support us in our desire to settle in the state. Burlington, Chittenden County, and Vermont as a state have a tradition and culture of false public display of racial tolerance, religious tolerance, and ethnic tolerance and private practice of racial hatred, religious hatred, and Afromisia. You can compare the way Bosnian refugee population are treated to in relations to the Africans population. It is a clear indication of the racist nature of the state. Also, you can compare the way Asians immigrant population are treated relative to the African populations. The Asians children are considered smart and intelligent and rewarded with scholarship. The Black children are encouraged to be musicians, or sportsman (baseball, basketball, football, and soccer players). I do not know how many times I have been asked what musical instrument I play. Since I immigrate from Africa I am always asked if I play the drum.

In the state of Vermont, they people that matters are white women, gays, lesbians, and their dogs or cats. When they are speaking about minority these are the people they considered minority. As a community they have deprived me of education, economic opportunity, safety, security and most importantly denied me the ability to settle in the state permanent. They State has not done anything in the fight against racism. They have only offered lip service to the causes of racial justice. I am seeking a redress with the court to adjust the justices that was done against me and to teach them about the importance of racial tolerance, religious tolerance, and ethnic tolerance.

I could not get a job in Vermont and I had no one to leaned on. I had not a family member, relative, or kinsmen. I depended on the good heart and loving friendship of my neighbors and community members. However, with a tarnished public image my neighbors, friends, and community members, all do not want to be associated with me. Furthermore, the Seven Days article stirs up hatred, abusively and maliciously damaged my character to the very few who do not believe I was sexist for being a Muslim male, misogynist for being a Muslim male, terrorist for being a Muslim male, and a pedophile for being a Muslim male. At Radio Bean I was invited over to watch a guy from the Mandinka tribe performed. The whole time I was there whenever I took my eyes off the singer and looked around the room all I see was the dirty looks followed by whispers, sometimes giggling, rolling eyes followed by whisper or curled lips followed by whispers. Sometimes, hateful stare with no words or smiles. I knew some of these people personally.

I was harassed by classmates and schoolmates at the University of Vermont. Andrew Charlestream was one of those; I reported him to my Professor of Political Theory. She was upset as I was one of her good students. She told me she could not do anything as it was done outside of her classroom.

However, she still went to the classroom to talk about it indirectly to our class. Until I left Vermont for Texas I could not walk around Burlington during the day. I was a member of City Market Co-opt and I pay my annual fees to retain my membership. The atmosphere at City Market Co-opt and other places became unsettling for me. At the Co-opt I knew almost all of the employees and half of those who go there to shop who are locals or lived in Burlington for over a year. I was followed by the silenced stare, dirty looks, curled up lips, and pointing fingers. I had lots of fingers pointing at me in public. Everyone's behavior looked choreography. I could not believe what was happening. It looks like anyone who knew me, was embarrassed by me and no one wanted to be associated with me.

I carried myself with dignity and honor as it was instilled in me by my parents, so when people asked why TJ Donovan will hire someone to that position who is a foreign born and most especially a Muslim guy and not a native-born. I was ashamed of the embarrassment I became for the Attorney General. I was ashamed because men of honors and dignity want anyone associated with them to feel safe and secure in their honors and dignity.

With the power vested in the court, please give me a day in court to share with you what they have done to me. They wanted me dead but I refused and hoped for a day in Court with them. Please, please, and please for the sake of God and justice give me a day in Court with them.

Chittenden County Police Departments and Vermont State Police

As long, you are black, Vermont police officers from local, county, or state do not care if they know you or not. It is when they feel the need to do their jobs properly and make themselves heroes. Having said that, I was hired as a legal assistant to the prosecuting attorneys as an employee of the State Attorney's Office and Chittenden County Sheriff by the current Vermont Attorney General when he was the Chittenden County State Attorney.

I processed Warrants, VOP, Escape, Extradition, Expunged cases, Sealed Cases, answered phone calls, distribute court's documents, file court's documents, welcome guests, or visitors. I was the Liaison for the Public Defender's Office, and Court Diversion. I give public defenders access to Police Database(Valcour). I closed the cases for Diversion and the Rapid Intervention Court. Every Police Department in the County drop-off their Department papers at my desk and I signed for it. In a hostile work environment, I took my job seriously. I was not letting anyone find excuse from my work.

Anyway, it is easy for a black person to have a police encounter. It only takes being black for police to try to get to know you, but they never, ever remember you after that, so that they can get you again later on. It is like they have a special mission only to watch us.

Meanwhile, speaking from a personal experience with Vermont police and from what I heard from other black people. The moment they see a black person driving and you turn around and lock eyes with them, they will immediately follow you. They will find any reason to pull you over it is just their modus operandi whether you are in the town of Winooski, Burlington, Colchester, Shelburne, Richmond, Essex,

Hinesburg, South Burlington, Williston, Milton, Jericho and Under Hill and so on.

Again, you do not have to be driving either. You can be walking if you lock eyes with them they will treat you suspicious. Sometimes, we look at them in fear. Fearful, this person in uniform right here can do me harm or someone like me or even killing me for whatever reason. He can go on to fabricate a perfect story about our encounter. He will be allowed to walk free. It is one of the most terrifying feelings. It is like looking at a lion, tiger, hyenas, or cheetah between the bushes, or jungle one on one; face to face. You know what the animal is capable of, but prayers are the only thing you have to help you pass safely. You know, you cannot run faster than a lion or cheetah and you cannot face it to fight.

Back to the story, I remember, couple of years ago I was walking from Price Chopper or Market 32 as it is now called. Few blocks down the road there was a cop who was about to abandon his speed trap. His two front tires were a foot over the pedestrian's sidewalk. I paused to let him drive away but it seemed he was itching to get someone. It is like a lion, tiger, hyenas, or cheetah itching to find a prey. He saw me stopped and he looked me in the eyes sternly. The looks in his eyes can tell you what is going through his mind. I looked at him in the eyes fearfully and fatalistic.

Pompously, he asked me where I was coming from and where I was going. In a deep controlled sense of fear and with a quivering voice, I said I was coming from the store and heading home. He asked me if I had an ID on me. I replied yes and asked why? He told me I looked suspicious. I said ok, but when he became verbally aggressive, I grabbed my ID out of my pocket shivering.

I was fully aware the process of taking out my ID could be interpreted as drawing out a weapon. I hand over my ID and he proceeded to radioed my info to the operator and to paraphrase him. He said, I have a black male by the name of Abdullah Sall and he went on with all the details. Fortunately, it did not take that long the operator said, clear, no history. He gave me back my ID. I just walked away swinging my head in dismay. The second time this similar incident happened to me

was at the O'Brien Community Center's parking lot in Winooski.

Additionally, there was a shooting last year at the corner of Grant St and Clarke St. in Burlington. I had no idea a shooting had happened and I was at Barnes and Noble studying computers coding or programming. I had two computers opened which I used for two different purposes. I was in deep concentration and it is like something or someone said look in that direction. I saw two people staring at me over and over again and pretending to be picking out books from the shelf. In my mind, it is the usual hateful looks I get, but unbeknown to me they were two detectives who identified me as the shooter. Who would have thought a shooter will go to a book store after shooting his victim? The book store closes early Sunday, so as it is approaching closing time people start to leave and you could hear the silence befalls the space. The chit-chatters had left, but those who are studying are still around. I looked around and most of the tables around me were empty. Yet, these two guys who happened to be detectives I did not know are still around.

Again, I went back to reading. Swiftly, they dashed around me and flashed their badges and introduced themselves. I was startled. I have one on my right and another on my left; with a unison voice they asked me for my ID. I told them my ID is in my wallet which is in my pocket and I asked them if I can take it out and they said yes. They were both in close proximity of my arms and legs. They looked at my ID. They then told me about the shooting after realizing I am not the shooter. They showed me a picture of the guy and said, "You look just like him." I said ok. In my mind, I could not see any resemblance between the shooter and I.

The population of Black male in Vermont is very tiny. You can know all of them with effort just in months. It is easy to get to know us, but someone has to be interested to make the effort. I do not confuse white people. I can tell a Germanic, from a Polish, an Irishman from a French, an Italian from Russian, a Rus from a Kisti, or a Scottish last name from an Irish last name. I can tell a Japanese from a Chinese, Vietnamese from a

Filipino, Thai from a Malay. Someone with such a life and death power should be acquainted with the diversity of racial complexion.

The culture of policing not only made us a suspects' race, but it makes heroes out of creating misery for us. They lie and fabricates lies against us yet they hold honorable position without honorable upbringing and honorable discipline. You see, we Black people as a race do not mind when criminals of any race are apprehended for committing crimes, but when the only distinction for a crime is race and not crime, then there is serious issue in that. One of the major problems, is that the larger community exploits poor linguistic skills of the African immigrants' population and their inability to write or articulate their point. It should not be a reason to deny us justice or fair treatment. Moreover, the African communities are targeted easily for the smallest infraction. All stems from the negative view held against us as a people of a primitive culture and race who have no concept of law and order.

In Vermont, if conflicts arise between an African immigrant and the native-born white the cops that come to the scene literally write down whatever the native-born said.

You see they see us, as the intruder from foreign lands who brings troubles to the community. There are many, who do not approve of our presence among them. They feel the Federal Government simply against their will and wishes dumped us in their midst. Their refusal to accept and assimilate us as part of the whole is an affront against Federal laws and authority. It was Ramadan 2019; I was driving on Main Street right after S. Prospect Street in the direction toward downtown Burlington or Lake Champlain. I was coming from the Mosque in Colchester Vermont and heading to Cliff Street. A cop with no lights on, was speeding from behind me and he nearly hit me and as he approached me he honked angrily at me with a regular car honk. I could not believe it and I wrote to the Human Right Commission and mentioned it.

In Vermont when you are black when you make a complaint about anything to anyone civilian or uniform officers they do not give credence to what you say as a valid complaint. I was made to feel less than human and as an American I was made to feel less American because of my race, religion, and national origin. When you complain to superior officers about your encounter with an officer. They will pretend they do not understand your English or give you they can never be wrong attitude.

Over a year ago, I was driving from Burlington and heading to my apartment down in the township of Richmond, Chittenden County. I drove through Williston Road. I was pulled over by Williston Officer and he wrote me a ticket for having a color lights on and two blocks up the street a Williston Baracks State Trooper was flying or speeding to Jericho he was dispatched for a burglary. When he saw me he immediately changed direction and followed me. I saw him in my rearview mirror speeding after me. He asked me to pulled over and by then, I immediately pulled over when I saw the light flashing on my tail. He was very, very, very aggressive and threatening. I got home in fear and sadness. I wrote to the Vermont State Police Chief and my complain was not given any credence. I remember this office when I used to work for the State Attorney's Office. This officer will walk in and never say hello. He will only ask questions and sit there as long he can and never say a word to us. The whole time he is on his phone staring at it. He was unlike any other office who comes in there. I remember Leona mentioned that he is cold and unfriendly. She said maybe he thinks we are below him.

He asked me how I got my car. I told him I bought the car in Texas. He was the second police officer that asked me that. One of them was a Burlington Police officer. I parked at City Market's Parking lot and I turned around to walk inside the store to shop for groceries. As he saw me he quickly rushed toward me with his question. He asked me if he can take a look inside I said yes. I opened the driver door. I told him he can take a ride if he wants.

I bought this car in San Antonio, Texas. I drove it from San Antonio, Houston, Nacogdoches, TX, I went through Shreveport, Alexandria, Louisiana to Natchez, Jackson,

Meridian, Mississippi down to Cuba, Selma, Birmingham, Huntsville, Alabama to up Fultondale, Knoxville, Nashville, Tennessee, through Louisville, Kentucky, to Aurora, Ohio. Erie, Pennsylvania, to Buffalo, Rochester, and through the Adirondack Mountains, New York and I crossed Lake Champlain into Vermont. I was in Burlington driving in Winooski I got pulled over two weeks after I got back. In Vermont, If you are black and drive a new car the instantaneous assumption it must be stolen or robbed. You must be a drug trafficker, or distributor. You must be a member of a criminal enterprise, but it can never be honest earnings. If you are black, driving an old car it must not meet safety standard regulation. We are subject to being pulled over. This not just our reality they are norms. The township clerk, insurance companies, and police officers are engaged in extortion against me or other motorists.

They are never short of reasons to keep us in a miserable state of existence. I have suffered severe chronic fear, anxiety, depression, and trauma as a result of these experiences. It has caused disruption in my everyday activities, restrictions on travel by motor vehicles around towns, and reluctance to contact Police when needed. There are certain neighborhood or township a visit or a drive-by through is a recipe to get pulled over. When you have to constantly live in fear of your safety it diminishes your productive capacity and keeps you poor. These behaviors induced mental health crisis. The cops' attitude to us reflect the community view of us. Behaviors are translated feelings. If you can think it, you can do it. How you view others to determine how you treat them. More to this, many of us love hiking or the Vermont outdoor, but we are fearful of leaving Chittenden County alone without another white person with us. Our restricted mobility affects our ability to find a better job and enjoy the outdoor as we so desire. The tickets we are given also raise our insurance premiums which reduce our purchasing or spending power to enjoy a quality of life.

Police officers are not alien creatures brought down to enforce laws and order. They are part of the human family. They are sons, and daughters, brothers, and sisters, uncles, and aunts. They are friendly, we just do not see it. They have empathy,

compassion, mercy, love, kindness, sympathy, and understanding, we just do not see it. They belong to a family, community, and nations. They shared the cultural and traditional paradigm like members of their family, community, and nation. If they cultural paradigm is racist they will be racist.

I simply want Vermont as a community to change the way they see Africans, Muslims men, and immigrant. The bad apple theory is no longer sufficient for defense. We need a changed in attitude. There is sufficient evidence of this chronic culture of racism, unjust treatment, and racial profiling, catalogued by numerous independent investigators to supports my case.